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Symphony in the Flint Hills Field Journal

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## Up on the Second Floor

Mike Yoder

*Alferd Packer Memorial String Band*

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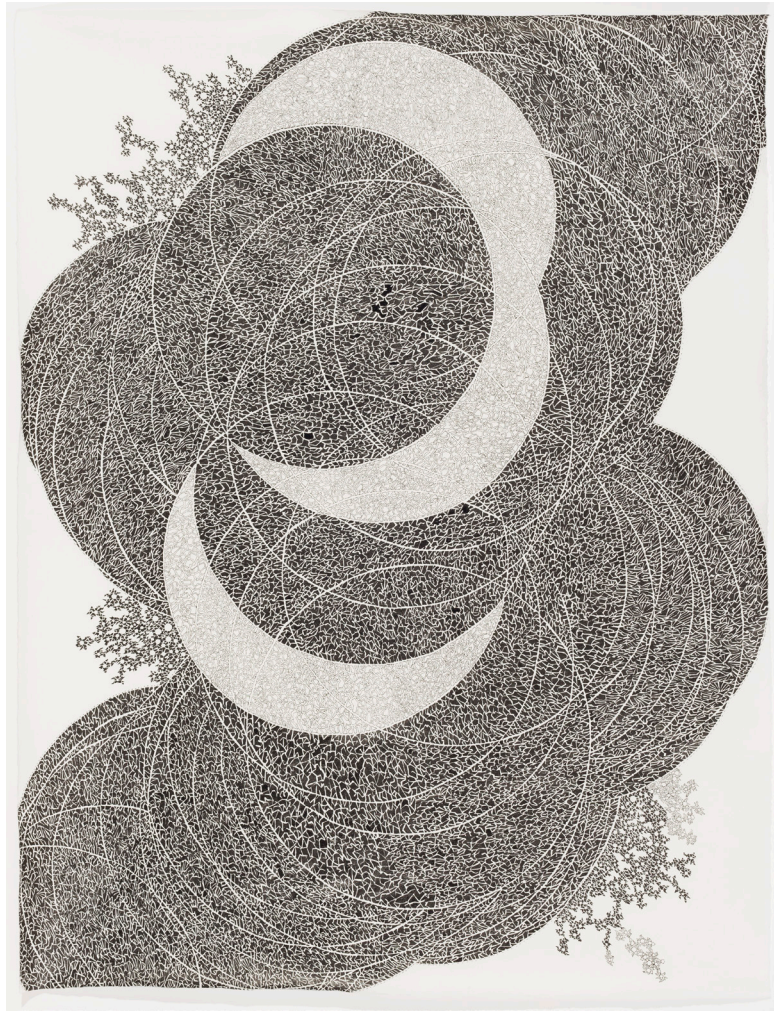
### Recommended Citation

Yoder, Mike (2019). "Up on the Second Floor," *Symphony in the Flint Hills Field Journal*.  
<https://newprairiepress.org/sfh/2019/aspiration/6>

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The Field Journals are made possible in part with funding from the Fred C. and Mary R. Koch Foundation.

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*Fractal Eclipse 24*  
Fiona Ross

## UP ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Flint Hills communities have their humor, lies, and legends of the main street, just as early humans saw the same in the stars. One of those main street legends is expressed in this song by Mike Yoder of the Alferd Packer Memorial String Band.

About a half-block from the courthouse, on the main street in town  
Croy's is the store with everything, if you lay your money down.  
A sign outside the front door, tells you what you want to know:  
Furniture, appliances, caskets, guns, and ammo.

On the first floor they've got all the things to help you  
through your day.

On the second floor there's a funeral home—they can put  
you on layaway.

I went there as a young boy—I'll go there when I die;  
Walk right in and say hello—when you leave you say bye-bye.

*Chorus:*

*Come on in.*

*They've got tools, toys, Lazy Boys, caskets, guns, and ammo.*

*Wood floors, a tin ceiling, it's like you walked through heaven's door.*

*And if that's the case—you're in the right place,*

*Up on the second floor.*

If you're feeling down and out, I know the place to go;  
Just a half-a-block from the candy shop, take a left right  
through the door.  
Buy yourself a fishing pole and maybe a picnic basket.  
If that don't pick you up my friend, it's time to pick your casket.

*Chorus*

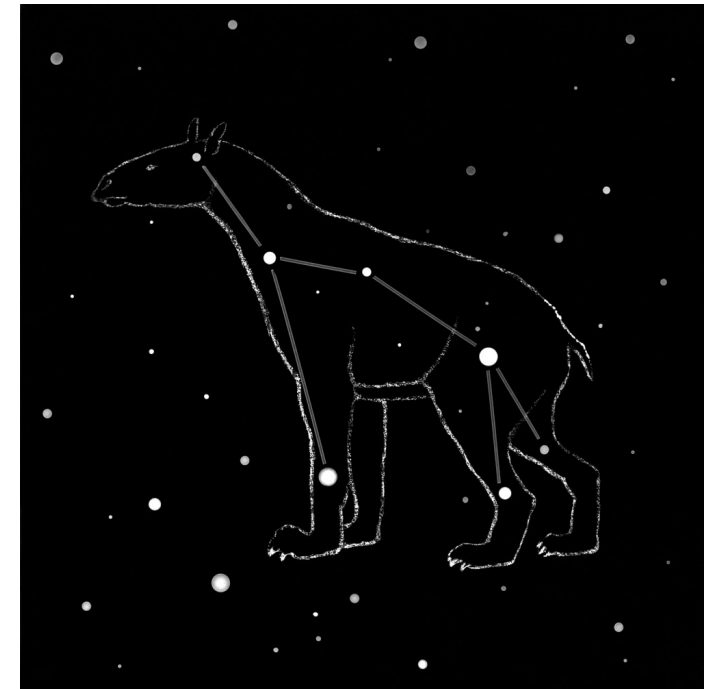
In the spring of 1931 Knute Rockne was flying high  
Over a Bazaar, Kansas prairie, under a blue Chase County sky.  
A wing fell off and he did fall, from legend into lore.  
They gathered up his body, and took him up on the second floor.

There's a tale of an angry lady, who ran into the store.  
She bought some bullets to shoot a dear—a buck not a doe.  
In walked Buck her husband and a shot rang through the store.  
"I'm sorry dear, your time is here, up on the second floor."

*Chorus*

When I get old and weary, I know where I want to go;  
Just across the street from the Emma Chase, take a left right  
through the door.  
I'll see my friends and family and those who've gone before.  
We'll dance all night and raise the roof, up on the second floor.

Lyrics by Mike Yoder, Alferd Packer Memorial String Band.



*Moropus Constellation*  
Genevieve Waller